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# CAUGHT IN THE ACT

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CAUGHT IN THE ACT,  
A COMEDY,  
IN THREE ACTS,

—o—

Adopted from the French for M<sup>lle</sup> Marie Aimee,

—o—

By Newton Chisnell,

*Author of, "A Thrilling Item," "The Cigarette," "A Pleasure Trip," etc.*

—o—

— TO WHICH IS ADDED —

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUMES—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS—  
ENTRANCES AND EXITS—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE  
PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, AND THE WHOLE  
OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

—o—



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CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

—X—

*Cast of characters as first produced on any stage, Dec. 24, 1886, at the  
Brush Street Theatre, San Francisco, Cal.,  
under Mr. Chisnell's direction.*

MRS. ROSE JOHNSON,	.....	Marie Aimee.
SUSAN CLIPPER,	.....	Jennie Williams.
MRS. DR. BOLIVER,	.....	Ada Lavrent.
RUBENSTEIN JOHNSON,	.....	T. H. Burns.
ADONIS MONTAGUE,	.....	A. D. Campo.
DR. BOLIVER,	.....	J. S. Marble.
FAKE GILCY,	.....	Newton Chisnell.
FLIP,	.....	L. Victor.
ISAAC CUDAVAR,	.....	Collin Varry.
JONAH BILKINS,	.....	T. W. Browning.

—X—

TIME OF REPRESENTATION—2 HOURS.

—X—

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R., means Right; L., Left; R. H., Right Hand, L. H., Left Hand; C., Centre; S. E.; 2d E.,] Second Entrance; U. E., Upper Entrance; M. D., Middle Door; F., the Flat; D. F., Door in Flat; R. C., Right of Centre; L. C., Left of Centre.

E.	R. C.	C.	L. C.	L.
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\*,\* The reader is supposed to be upon the Stage facing the audience.

TMP 92-008827

# Caught in the Act.

## ACT I.

*SCENE I.—A cafe with an awning and tables, L. A house, R., showing "No. 7" and a dentist's sign above the door. At back perspective of a street running towards R. FLIP discovered at back, speaking off stage. DR. BOLIVER seated at table.*

*Flip.* Yes, Miss Evelina, have no fear. I'll give him your message. (*coming down*) She's a sweet little girl, mashed on the piano and on the professor that gives her lessons. He's a gay dog, this Rubenstein Johnson, but if his little French wife ever catches him—there'll be war in the camp! Ah, these musicians are all alike. (*seeing DR. BOLIVER, who is seated at a table ransacking his portfolio for papers*) Well, well, what is it?

*Dr. Boliver.* (*astonished*) Hey?

*Flip.* (*wiping table with his napkin*) Beer? Cigars? Ham sandwich?

*Bol.* Go away, you make me tired! I don't want anything.

*Flip.* This old fellow calls himself a customer of the establishment. He hasn't spent a cent since I've worked here.

*Bol.* I'm in fine state of mind for (*looking over papers*) a man who is to give a ball this evening. Good gracious, what a bother! I am almost out of my head. But my wife, Mrs. B. insists upon it. She said that in order to marry our niece we must introduce her to society. This is not my own opinion because my niece Cleopatra is very highly accomplished. She sings, plays, sews and cooks like an angel—unfortunately, however, she does not look like an angel, being red-haired, cross-eyed and pigeon-toed. Nevertheless, I have yielded to the desire of my wife and am issuing invitations for our ball this evening. (*reciting*) "Dr. and Mrs. Dr. Boliver politely request the honor of your presence at their house—no, residence, on the night of the 14th inst. for a social hop." I have half a mind to add: "Dr. Boliver continues to give consultations at his office from 12 to 4". It would help to advertise me. (*sits down and calls*) Waiter!

*Enter, FLIP, from cafe.*

*Flip.* Well, well! Beer? Cigars? Ham sandwiches?

*Bol.* (*aside*) He's a nuisance with his ham sandwiches! (*aloud*) Give me pen and ink.

*Flip.* Very well, sir, very well!

(*gets pen and ink from window; then sits at a table, reads paper*)

*Bol.* (*writing*) Ah, I have it! This is a brilliant idea.

*Enter, FAKE GILCY, back R. H.*

*Fake.* Oh, Lord, how I suffer! Oh, dear! Oh, dear! (*handkerchief to his face*) Somebody told me there was a dentist in this street. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! (*calling*) Waiter!

*Flip.* (*hurrying to him*) Well, well, what is it? Beer, cigars, ham sandwich?

*Fake.* Sandwich? No! A dentist, quick, a dentist!

*Flip.* A dentist? There right before you. Will you have anything else?

*Fake.* Thanks. (*waiter sits again*) Oh, dear, how I suffer! (*stops suddenly*) Well, well, this is funny! The pain has gone; the ache has stopped—entirely. I would be very silly to have a tooth pulled that does not trouble me. Fifty cents saved! (*calling*) Waiter!

*Flip.* (*rising and running to him*) Well, what is it?

*Fake.* It's all right now, (*going*) the pain is gone!

*Flip.* Well, what the devil is that to me? (*FAKE exits L. 3 E.*)

*Bol.* (*finishing writing*) There, that is all finished. The invitations are all ready, all that is left now is to find people to accept them—young and unmarried—there are plenty of nice little fellows who frequent this French cafe—I will artfully pump the waiter.

(*rapping on table*)  
*Flip.* (*wiping off table*) Beer, cigars, ham sandwiches?

*Bol.* If you don't stop ham sandwiching me I'll withdraw my custom from this establishment.

*Flip.* Your custom? Why, you've never ordered anything since I've been here.

*Bol.* I am now about to ask for—

*Flip.* Ah! Beer, cigars, ham—

*Bol.* A little information—who and what is that Mr. Harris who is eating at that table?

(*pointing to some one in cafe, the door of which is open*)

*Flip.* He is—a young man.

*Bol.* What does he do?

*Flip.* He is eating ham and eggs at present.

*Bol.* Is he married?

*Flip.* I don't know.

*Bol.* And the young man with him—what is he?

*Flip.* The best fifteen ball pool player in New York.

*Bol.* Is he married?

*Flip.* I never asked him.

*Bol.* And Mr. Bilkins who comes here, what do you know of him?

*Flip.* Ah, he's one of the boys!

*Bol.* Is he? What time does he usually get here?

*Flip.* He's never late, and this is near his time.

*Bol.* Then I'll wait for him! Ah! tell me, waiter—

*Flip.* Well?

*Bol.* Do you know of a nice appearing young man with activity, intelligence, a clean shirt and a pair of gloves?

*Flip.* What for?



*Bol.* To pass refreshments. I am giving a ball this evening, and as I have no man servant—

*Flip.* Ha! I'm your man—this is my evening off.

*Bol.* You? Have you a pair of gloves?

*Flip.* Oh, yes, indeed! black ones, and a clean shirt, too!

*Bol.* All right! I engage you. Be on hand at eight o'clock. sharp; here is my address. *(gives him a card)*

*Enter, ADONIS MONTAGUE, R.*

*Montague.* Waiter, a cup of chocolate.

*Flip.* All right, sir! *(exit into cafe)*

*Bol.* Dear me, that's Mr. Montague!

*Mont.* *(aside)* That fool of a doctor! *(aloud, shaking his hand)* Ah, yes! how do you do? But I'm very busy—I have an interview with my architect at two o'clock precisely.

*(taking out watch and coming down R.)*  
*Bol.* *(aside, taking out his portfolio)* He is a bachelor—he is an architect. He goes down on my list of guests. *(hurrying to MONTAGUE, who goes up stage to enter cafe)* My dear Mr. Montague, will you do me the great honor of accepting—

*Mont.* What?

*Bol.* An invitation to a select little family party. There will be dancing—my niece Cleopatra will sing.

*Mont.* *(aside)* Confound his impudence! *(aloud)* I'm very sorry, but it will be utterly impossible—

*Bol.* Then after supper—

*Mont.* Ah! Supper—I accept your invitation with pleasure!

*Bol.* There won't be any supper! I only told him so to get him to come. *(enters cafe)*

*Flip.* *(coming from cafe—seeing a customer arrive)* Ah, there is Mr. Bilkins!

*BILKINS, enters from the R., goes towards cafe. .*

*Bol.* He is a bachelor—has a moustache. Well, he goes down on my list. *(aloud to BILKINS)* Excuse me, would you like to see the morning Herald?

*Bilkins.* *(harsh voice)* No; newspapers make my headache! Waiter, “rum and milk!” *(enters cafe with FLIP)*

*Bol.* He has a very pleasant way with him. I will give him an invitation to my ball. *(follows BILKINS and FLIP into cafe)*

*Enter, MRS. JOHNSON at back, speaking off as she enters.*

*Mrs. Johnson.* To the right? first turning? Thank you, sir! *(coming down examines the numbers on houses; stops on seeing No. 7)* No sensible person can deny that husbands as a general are humbugs. I speak now particularly of my own, Mr. Rubenstein Johnson, whose only merit is that he knows how to play the fiddle. Mr. Johnson has of late fallen into a strange habit of talking in his sleep, and last evening I was awakened by hearing him distinctly utter these words—“Evelina, no. 7, Hotmuffin street.” I could not believe my ears. I thought that I was dreaming and so I fell asleep, but an hour later I heard him muttering the same words, “Evelina, No. 7, Hotmuffin street.” *(in a rage)* Ah! I am a patient little

woman, very patient, but Mr. Johnson mustn't presume too much on my simplicity. I was tormented the rest of the night with a horrible nightmare, a lurid combination of daggers, pistols, bottles of poison and police courts. This morning my husband serenely informed me that he would not be home for dinner because he was engaged to play for a musical entertainment at Walnut Grove Common, No. 56. I begin to smell a mouse. I jump into a stage, I arrive at Walnut Grove Common. Where is No. 56? There is no No. 56. Do you know why? There are only two houses in Walnut Grove Common, and the first is now being pulled down. The existence of the mouse I smelled was established beyond a doubt. I take the omnibus again and at last here I am, "No. 7, Hotmuffin street." (*pointing to house*) So there's where Miss Evelina lives, is it? Two things are certain:—if my husband has arrived before me, I'll catch him when he comes out and if he is not here yet I'll catch him when he comes. I'll spoil his little game if I have to wait here all night. You've played me a fine joke, my lovely husband, but we will see who laughs last. (*walks up and down back*)

*Enter, MONTAGUE, from cafe, c., staring at MRS. JOHNSON.*

*Mont. (aside)* Charming, charming creature!

*Mrs. J. (aside, continuing her walk)* What's that fellow staring at me so for, I wonder?

*Mont.* What a "Vacht-am-Rhein" she is, to be sure!

*Mrs. J. (aside)* Ah! he's one of the Fourteenth street mashers, I suppose. He annoys me. (*still walking*)

*Mont. (aside)* I must form her acquaintance—she is lovely! (*advances towards her, bowing*) Madame—

*Mrs. J.* Don't bother me, my poor man, I've no money for you! (*going aside, R.*) My gay husband, I shall not go far!

(*she disappears R., for a moment*)

*Mont. (to himself)* Magnificent figure! I'm sorry I have an engagement with my architect. (*enters room No. 7*)

*Enter, RUBENSTEIN JOHNSON, back L., carrying an umbrella in one hand and a lobster under his arm. Enters laughing.*

*Rubenstein.* I laugh—I am a base villain stricken with remorse, and yet I laugh when I think that my wife believes me at No. 56 Walnut Grove Common, while I am— (*smells lobster and makes wry face*) Bah!—while I am not there at all. Yet I am very fond of my wife. I fell in love with her when I first saw her from my seat in the orchestra dancing in short clothes in a French Opera Bouffe company and I resolved to convert pretty Rose Mignon into Mrs. Rubenstein Johnson. She was too French to understand me when I first approached her, but love has a language of its own which I flatter myself I speak very well. Rose understood me and we became one. Why, dear me, I would jump in the fire for her—and yet—I don't know why—but it is very difficult for me to love no one but her—difficult? It is impossible! (*smelling lobster*) Confound it! A true musician can't content himself by constantly playing the same tune; for myself I love new music and just at this moment I am very fond of a piano symphony, called "Evelena," who in turn is very fond of lobster salad. (*smelling it*) Bah! I must have had a severe cold in the head when I bought this, but with plenty of mustard Evelena will think it is fresh from the sea.



*Enter, FLIP, from cafe.*

*Rub.* (seeing FLIP) Ah! Flip, is she at home?

*Flip.* No, sir; she has gone out.

*Rub.* What? Gone out?

*Flip.* She will not be long and asked me to tell you to wait for her. Here is the key.

*Voice from cafe.* Waiter!

*Flip.* Here, sir!

(enters cafe, c.

*Rub.* Before she comes I will go in the house and make the salad.  
(is about to enter house

*Re-enter, MRS. JOHNSON, from L. Lowers her veil without seeing RUBENSTEIN.*

*Mrs. J.* At last that disagreeable masher has disappeared.

(begins her march

*Rub.* (seeing her; aside) Dear me, what a charming little woman! It's wrong but I can't resist! I think it will be pleasanter to wait for Evelena here. (approaching her) Madame—

*Mrs. J.* (aside) My husband! Oh, the scoundrel!

*Rub.* (very pleasantly) I beg your pardon, madame, but you have no doubt lost your way in this strange quarter of the city and if I could—

*Mrs. J.* (disguising her voice) Oh, yes, sir, thank you! I am trying to find the Susan B. Anthony Institute for young ladies.

*Rub.* (aside) I wonder if she is a literary woman? I have heard they all wear blue stockings—I wonder if it is true. (aloud) Oh, I know where you mean, but you are a long way from there and if you will permit me to conduct you—

*Mrs. J.* (in an assumed voice) If I thought it would not appear improper—

*Rub.* Improper! Why, you are modesty itself and I am the soul of honor. (aside) Damn that veil! She may be as ugly in face as she is beautiful in form. (aloud) This veil, madam, no doubt conceals a most beautiful face. If you would permit me only to raise a corner of it.

*Mrs. J.* Oh, sir, you flatter me! (he completely raises veil

*Rub.* (stupified; aside) Heavens and earth! my wife!

*Mrs. J.* (folding arms and posing before him) Now, sir, explain yourself!

*Rub.* (with assumed confidence) Ha, ha! Why, I knew you all the time.

*Mrs. J.* Tut! tut! tut!

*Rub.* Of course I did! I knew you by that pretty blue dress which I bought you last Christmas.

*Mrs. J.* (seeing lobster) What is that you have there?

*Rub.* This? Oh, it's a little present I bought this morning for you.

*Mrs. J.* Lobster! Now you know of all things in the world I hate a lobster.

*Rub.* What? You don't like it? (starting to go) Then I'll take it back.

*Mrs. J.* Don't be in a hurry! Give it to me!

(taking lobster puts it on table of the cafe

*Rub.* (aside) Confiscated? That settles Evelena's salad!

*Mrs. J. (seriously)* Mr. Johnson!

*Rub. (somewhat intimidated)* My darling Rose—

*Mrs. J.* We will now have a little family talk, if you please!

*Rub.* With pleasure! (*aside*) Lord! If Evelena should come now!

*Mrs. J.* Have you forgotten what I said to you the day of our marriage?

*Rub.* Not at all. You said "Ruben, dear—"

*Mrs. J.* I told you to be seated and then I addressed you in these words:—"Mr. Johnson, we are now one. We have just sworn mutual fidelity."

*Rub.* That was your language.

*Mrs. J.* "But," said I, "I don't understand that this oath is binding on my side alone."

*Rub.* "Neither do I," was the earnest reply I made to you. "Neither do I."

*Mrs. J.* I was born in France.

*Rub.* Very true, Rose, my dear! It does you credit.

*Mrs. J.* That may be, but French women have very fixed ideas of the reciprocal rights and duties of husband and wife.

*Rub. (aside)* Oh, heavens! If Evelena should find me now!

*Mrs. J. (continuing)* There are men who regard their wives as nothing but little machines for sewing on buttons and mending socks.

*Rub. (assuming indignation)* Oh, the monsters!

*Mrs. J.* They marry their wives, they deceive them, they desert them.

*Rub.* Very true! There are men of susceptible natures who forget themselves.

*Mrs. J.* Very well, and we women? Do you think we are made of putty or paper mache? I claim the same right for the wife—the right to forget herself.

*Rub. (laughing)* Ha, ha, ha! That would be a pretty notion.

*Mrs. J.* And why not?

*Rub.* Consider the consequences! The consequence are not the same.

*Mrs. J. (impetuously)* I don't consider that a reason. Man and wife are like a team of horses hitched to a cart. The time for them to reflect is before getting in the traces—but once there—they are fixed, and if one of the two breaks away from the marriage cart, the other would be a fool to drag the cart alone. She should at once throw off the harness and let the cart take care of itself—that is my theory.

*Rub. (aside)* She is French—so is her theory!

*Mrs. J.* An eye for an eye—a tooth for a tooth! Is it agreed? Do we understand each other?

*Rub.* Undoubtedly! Yes, certainly!

*Mrs. J. (extending her hand)* Shake on it!

*Rub.* Ah! But—that is—

*Mrs. J.* You hesitate! Take care or I may think you are deceiving me.

*Rub.* Me? The idea! Come, I agree—I agree with both hands. (*shakes her hand heartily; aside*) If Evelena should appear now!

*Mrs. J.* On the faith of an honest woman I will not be the first to break our agreement.

*Rub.* I should hope not!

*Mrs. J.* But if I ever catch you deceiving me—look out—you know what to expect!

*Rub. (aside)* You'll never catch me!

*Mrs. J.* Where are you going now? Let's go home!

*Rub. (feigning great annoyance)* Impossible, my dear, impossible! It is near the time for that concert I agreed to attend.

*Mrs. J.* Ah! at Walnut Grove Common.

*Rub.* Yes, at No. 56—a most magnificent residence.

*Mrs. J. (aside)* Oh, I'd like to strangle him!

*Rub. (tenderly)* Rose, my dear, you know I would much rather spend the evening at your side before our snug little fire.

*Mrs. J. (aside)* "Before our snug little fire!" *(aloud)* Well, then, good-bye—I'm going home and wait for you there.

*Rub.* Do, my angel, do! I'll hurry off to Walnut Grove Common. *(both go up stage)*  
*(exit, opposite sides; she takes lobster)*

*Rub. (returning—throwing her a kiss)* Bye, bye!

*Mrs. J. (same business)* 'Ta! ta! *(aside; going off L.)* The traitor!

*Rub. (aside)* She is perfectly satisfied!

*In going off L., runs against FAKE GILCY, who enters from R.*

—You idiot!

*Fake. (looking off; handkerchief to mouth)* An idiot, am I—*(exit)*  
raving maniac! *(coming down)* Well, here I am once more! Waiter!

*Enter, FLIP, running in from cafe.*

*Flip.* Well, sir?

*Fake.* It aches again.

*Flip. (angrily)* Well, what the devil is that to me?

*Fake.* Oh, dear me, dear me! I must have it out now—I can't suffer like this! *(puts hand on knob of No. 7—stops)* Why, it's gone! Oh, no! dear me! Here it is again! *(heroically)* Be a man, Gilcy! It must come out! *(sits at table)*  
*(enters No. 7)*

*Enter, RUBENSTEIN, hurriedly, R.*

*Rub. (goes up)* I just saw her turn the corner of the street. It's all right. She suspects nothing. In the royal arms of England there is a French motto, "Evil be to him who evil thinks," by which I console myself with the reflection that I am doing no wrong, for if the existence of evil depends on thinking so, for the same reason as my wife does *not* think so, there is no evil in what I am doing. I admit this logic is a trifle confused, but it consoles me. I'm sorry she took away my lobster. What shall I give Evelena instead? *(sees FLIP)* Ah, Flip! *(FLIP rises)* Two dishes of ice cream—no! one dish of ice cream and two spoons.

*Flip.* All right, sir!

*Rub.* Has Evelena returned?

*Flip.* Not yet, sir.

*Rub.* Then never mind the ice cream. I will give her taffy instead. *(enters No. 7)*

*Enter, MRS. JOHNSON, back L. 3 E., as RUBENSTEIN enters No. 7.*  
*She has the lobster under her arm; stopping at back.*

*Mrs. J.* He's just gone in! Oh, the monster! I must have him out! (*calling*) Waiter!

*Flip.* Madam!

(*coming to her*)

*Mrs. J.* Here's a half a dollar for you. Dear me! I've lost my purse! Never mind! (*breaking off claw of lobster*) Here, this is for yourself.

*Flip.* A lobster fin!

*Mrs. J.* Go into that house and bring out the gentleman who has just gone in.

*Flip.* Yes, ma'am!

(*crossing L.*)

*Mrs. J.* Tell him—tell him some one wants to see him.

*Flip.* Very well, ma'am! (*aside, looking at lobster claw*) This is a very funny present for a waiter.

(*puts claw in his pocket and enters the house*)

*MRS. JOHNSON goes towards cafe, sits at table near front on which is a newspaper which she thoughtlessly tears in her rage.*

*Mrs. J.* Ah, the heartless villain! But this time—ah, this time I have caught him!

(*continues to tear paper*)

*Enter, DR. BOLIVER, from cafe, hat in his hand.*

*Bol.* Where is that paper? (*to MRS. JOHNSON*) Ah! After you are through with the Herald, ma'am, if there is anything left of it—

*Mrs. J.* I am through with it!

(*throws pieces of the paper in his hat*)

*Bol.* Many thanks! (*aside—re-entering the cafe*) This woman is somewhat excited.

*Enter, FAKE GILCY and FLIP from house No. 7.*

*Fake.* It's out—I've got it in my pocket!

*Flip.* (*pointing to GILCY*) Here is the gentleman!

*Mrs. J.* Ah!

*Starting to c., holding lobster under her arm; comes face to face with FAKE, who is holding handkerchief to his face.*

—This is not the man.

*Fake.* Well, here I am!

*Mrs. J.* Hey? What do you want of me?

*Fake.* I? Nothing.

*Mrs. J.* (*to FLIP*) Waiter! This is not the man I want to see. Be kind enough to go back and bring out the other gentleman. Take this for your trouble.

(*giving him a second lobster claw*)

*Flip.* Another fin!

(*puts it in his pocket and re-enters house No. 7*)

*Fake.* (*to MRS. JOHNSON*) Please consider for a moment, madam, that I've just lost a tooth and have dyspepsia—yes, madam, dyspepsia.

*Mrs. J.* Go on, take a walk—you and your dyspepsia.

*Fake.* (with dignity) I am going, ma'am, I am going. I am very glad indeed you sent for me. Our interview has been a source of great pleasure and profit to me. (*aside, going*) This lady is inclined to be nervous. (*exit back, R.*)

*Mrs. J.* (*walking up and down excitedly and breaking off lobster claws*) Oh! Oh!—oh, although I'm not usually an excitable woman, I feel at this moment—

*Enter, FLIP.*

*Flip.* Madam, here is the gentleman.

*Mrs. J.* Very well; take this. (*giving him claw*) Oh, I'll scratch his eyes out!

*Flip.* (*smelling lobster*) The Flip family'll have lobster soup for dinner next Sunday. (*entering cafe*)

*Enter, MONTAGUE, from house No. 7, with umbrella.*

*Mrs. J.* (*seizing him by arm, throwing him R.*) Monster!

*Mont.* Oh, oh!

*Mrs. J.* (*aside*) Why this is the wrong man!

*Mont.* (*aside*) The little woman I met a moment ago. (*aloud—eagerly*) Tell me, madam, how I can serve you. I am entirely at your disposal.

*Mrs. J.* I am very sorry, sir, but this is all a mistake.

*Mont.* You are waiting for some one?

*Mrs. J.* (*very agitated and crossing, speaking to herself*) Yes, some one who does not seem anxious to meet me. Mr. Johnson—my husband—a perfect brute!

*Mont.* That's a matter of very little consequence. If you will allow me to replace him. (*offers arm*)

*Mrs. J.* (*turning back to him, crossing and continuing her march*) I do not know you. I don't want to talk to you.

*Mont.* (*aside*) I shan't give her up yet. (*following her*) Madam!

*Mrs. J.* (*to herself*) And I must be faithful that he may deceive and ill treat me.

*Mont.* Deceive you—you!

*Mrs. J.* It's shameful, isn't it?

*Mont.* It is outrageous and cries for vengeance. Let me assist you?

*Mrs. J.* (*aside*) Oh, yes! I'll be revenged and that before very long too!

*Mont.* If you need any assistance I trust you will give me the preference?

*Mrs. J.* (*looking at him*) You?

*Mont.* (*smiling*) Myself!

*Mrs. J.* (*resolutely*) It's hard to tell what will happen. (*looking at house*) But wait—wait till he comes out. (*planting herself in c. of stage*) I'll wait here all night if necessary.

*Mont.* So will I! (*looks off*) Confound it! Why, it's raining! (*opening umbrella*) My dear, let me protect you! Where do you live?

*Mrs. J.* Will you let me alone? You are always at my heels like a pug dog. I don't want to know you. (*going towards cafe*)

*Mont.* (*aside*) I shall not leave her.

*Mrs. J.* (*sitting at table, front*) I will wait for him here. (*calls*) Waiter! (*rapping on table*) A milk punch!



Mont. (*sitting at same table opposite her*) Waiter! Milk punch!

Mrs. J. (*seizing paper tearing it into bits*) Oh, oh, oh!

Mont. (*taking another paper tearing it in same manner*) Oh, yes! Oh, yes! Oh, yes!

*Enter, FLIP, carrying in two glasses of punch.*

Flip. Here is your punch! (*seeing Mrs. JOHNSON tearing paper*) I beg pardon, madam, but a customer wants the Times.

Mrs. J. (*angrily*) I have not finished with it.

Mont. (*angrily to FLIP*) Don't you see the lady is using the paper? (*politely to Mrs. JOHNSON, offering her punch*) Will you permit me?

Mrs. J. You here again? Will you cease to torment me?

Mont. (*with passion*) I am always at your service.

Rub. (*within house*) Open the door, will you?

Mrs. J. (*aside*) Ah, here he is at last! (*rising*) Waiter, how much do I owe you?

Mont. (*rising hurriedly*) Never! I will not permit it. Waiter, take no money from this lady here; I'll pay.

(*exit, into cafe, making FLIP go in with him*)

*Enter, RUBENSTEIN JOHNSON from house No. 7, with umbrella.*

Rub. (*opening umbrella—aside*) Evelena is keeping me waiting a long time to-day. (*seeing his wife*) My wife!

Mrs. J. (*posing herself before him with great quietness*) Well, here you are and I have caught you. You remember our conversation a short time ago—"an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth."

Rub. (*stammering*) But I swear to you—

Mrs. J. (*angrily*) Say no more—don't speak another word. Give me that umbrella! (*takes it from him and exit rapidly, R.*)

Rub. (*following her*) My dear, one moment—Mrs. Johnson—Rose! (*falls exhausted into chair at back*) Caught!

*Enter, MONTAGUE, hurriedly from cafe.*

Mont. Madam! (*not seeing her*) Gone! and I have not obtained her address.

Rub. (*to himself*) Ah, poor Johnson!

Mont. (*aside—lively*) Johnson—the husband! Good! He will give me her address. (*going to him and affecting the most sincere sympathy*) You are ill, sir. Perhaps you have met with an accident? Accept my arm. Where do you live?

(*they come down stage, RUBENSTEIN leaning on MONTAGUE*)

Rub. Thanks, very kind of you—I'm only a trifle dizzy.

Mont. (*lively*) Dizzy! This is very serious! (*calls*) Waiter! Waiter! A doctor, quick!

Rub. No, no! It's not as bad as that.

*Enter, DR. BOLIVER and customers from cafe.*

Bol. Hello, hello! Here I am. What's the matter now?

Mont. (*helping RUBENSTEIN to chair in C.*) This gentleman has just been seized with an epileptic fit—a stroke of apoplexy—(*calling*) Waiter, a glass of water, quick!

Bol. I have my instruments here; I will bleed him.

Rub. (*jumping up*) No you won't!

*Enter, FLIP, with glass of water, gives it to MONTAGUE, and re-enters cafe.*

*Bol. (recognizing RUBENSTEIN) What, the leader of my orchestra!*

*Mont. (offering RUBENSTEIN water) Here, drink! drink!*

*Rub. (taking glass mechanically) But to whom am I indebted for so much attention?*

*Mont. To Mr. Adonis Montague.*

*Rub. (bowing) Many thanks! (aside) This is a very obliging young man. (puts glass to his lips, then suddenly springing up and throwing contents of glass on those around him) Ah!*

*Omnes. (wiping off water) What is the matter?*

*Rub. (to himself) While I sit here calmly drinking water—what is my wife doing? If she should have commenced hostilities already! (going rapidly up back and calling off stage) Cab! Ho! Cab, here! (exit, R.*

*Mont. (running after him) Say! here! stop!*

*Omnes. (same business) Say! here! stop!*

*Rub. (crying outside) Cab—33 Fan-dang street; hurry up, drive quickly! (DR. BOLIVER and others exit*

*Mont. (stopping) 33 Fan-dang street! (aside, coming down) In less than a week I will be victorious. Poor Johnson!*

*(rushes out after the others*

*Enter, FLIP, from cafe.*

*Flip. Soup! soup! The soup is ready. What—no one here? (going up, looks off R.) Ah, there they are! (crying) Soup! soup! (exit, L.*

END OF ACT I.

## ACT II.

*SCENE.—A dining room; three doors at the back; the one in the C. is the entrance to street. Two doors L., between which an ornamental piece of furniture over which hangs a mirror. The first of these L. doors opens into a bed-room, the second leads to kitchen and to a back staircase. At R. 3 E., the door of closet; a hanging clock R. 2 E.; a window opening in yard, R. E. Near window a small stand holding a work basket. An easy chair near stand—ordinary chairs; a small round table is set L. front; two lighted candles on piece of furniture, L. SUSAN discovered going to window, R., which is open; noise heard R.*

*Susan. Say, look here, you masons, bricklayers, hod carriers, whatever you are—make a little less noise, if you please. What do you say? (starting back) The impertinent puppy! He offered me a glass of beer if I would give him a kiss. I wish that big ladder was taken away for I am afraid every moment some of those impudent fellows will climb up and come in through the window. (shutting window) Dear me, what should I do then? (looking at clock) Half past seven and Mr. and Mrs. Johnson not home yet. This morning Master Rubenstein no sooner left the house than madam started up, snatched her bonnet, darted out of the house like a streak of lightning, slamming the doors after her, bang, bang, bang!*

*Enter, MRS. JOHNSON, C. D., violently banging door after her.*

*Susan. (frightened)* Gracious goodness!

*Mrs. J. (agitated)* Susan!

*Susan.* Yes, madam.

*Mrs. J.* Take this umbrella.

*Gives it to her; takes off hat and shawl, throwing them angrily on chair at back.*

*Susan. (aside)* What's the matter with her? *(aloud)* Shall I bring in the dinner?

*Mrs. J.* I'm not hungry—I can't eat.

*Susan.* I couldn't get any veal, so I have broiled a nice piece of pork.

*Mrs. J. (aside)* Pork? Good—Johnson can't bear the smell of it!

*Susan.* I also bought some lovely cream puffs that your husband is so fond of.

*Mrs. J.* Fill them with mustard—hot mustard!

*Susan. (astonished)* Mustard?

*Mrs. J.* Yes; stuff them full—you hear me? Go, go! Do as I tell you.

*Susan. (aside)* What in the world is the matter with her?

*(exit, L. 3 E.)*

*Mrs. J.* Oh, the villain, the scoundrel, the traitor! I'll not let him forget No. 7, Hot Muffin street, and this Evelena—what is she? What does she do? Oh, I will know all about her! I'll make him tell me. *(a light knock at door in back)* Ah, a knock!

*RUBENSTEIN half opens the door and enters timidly into the room. He carries in his hand an enormous boquet.*

—Here he is at last!

*Rub. (aside)* Oh dear, oh dear, how shall I ever get out of this scrape?

*Mrs. J. (aside, without turning)* I can hardly keep my hands out of his hair.

*Rub. (at back, coughing softly)* Ahem, hum! *(Mrs. JOHNSON not paying any attention to him)* Good afternoon—my dear—have you returned from your little walk?

*Mrs. J. (restraining herself)* Yes, I have returned from my—little walk.

*Rub.* So have I—I have returned and on my way here—as you love flowers *(presenting boquet)* I bought this for you.

*Mrs. J. (takes boquet, examines it a moment, then throws it over her shoulder)* Thanks!

*Rub. (aside)* The boquet hasn't made a hit. *(aloud, presenting package from his pocket)* I also bought you a delicious plum cake—I know you love plum cake.

*Mrs. J. (taking it and throwing it over her shoulder)* Thanks!

*Rub. (aside)* It won't work. *(aloud)* I have also bought you a gold watch, but I will give that to you some other time.

*Enter, SUSAN, L., with bowl.*

*Susan.* This is the soup. *(putting it on table)* Mr. Adonis Montague has sent to enquire how Mr. Johnson is feeling this morning.

*Rub.* Thank him and say I am all right. (*exit SUSAN, L.*) He is the obliging gentleman who took such an interest in my health this morning. It is very kind of him to enquire after me, I'm sure. Come, Rose, my dear, to dinner. (*sits at table*) I only have an hour to spend with you before I must go to Dr. Boliver's ball. Will you sit down?

*Mrs. J.* I shall not dine to-day.

*Rub.* (*with napkin at throat, rising*) Come, come, my sweet little Rosy, posy. (*tries to take her around the waist*)

*Mrs. J.* (*angrily pushing him away*) Do not touch me. Go back to your Hot Muffin street girl.

*Rub.* I? Oh, I see; you think I am guilty. I would be willing to bet almost anything that you think me guilty.

*Mrs. J.* Have you cheek enough to stand there and tell me any more lies?

*Rub.* Not at all. I will be frank with you. I have nothing to conceal. That house in Hot Muffin street—I was there giving a lesson to one of my pupils, a young man named——

*Mrs. J.* (*interrupting him*) Mr. Evelena?

*Rub.* (*aside*) Oh, Lord, where did she find that out? (*aloud*) Evelena? that's the boy's mother, old Mrs. Evelena. She's a poor tottering old lady with green spectacles, who is always bobbing her head like this. (*bobs head*)

*Mrs. J.* Are you sure of that?

*Rub.* Do you want me to swear to it?

*Mrs. J.* Not at all, it's not necessary. (*hurriedly takes her shawl and bonnet from back; returns to RUBENSTEIN*) We will go and see this old lady. Come, I am ready.

*Rub.* (*aside*) Oh, Lord! (*aloud*) It's impossible this evening, my dear, the poor old lady is sick abed.

*Mrs. J.* Do you think, Mr. Johnson, that you have married a little goose?

*Rub.* What? You don't believe me? What in the world can I say to satisfy you?

*Mrs. J.* There is only one thing that might reassure me—perhaps.

*Rub.* And that is?

*Mrs. J.* A full and complete confession of what you have done—but you don't seem inclined to do that—— (*going towards bedroom*)

*Rub.* (*alarmed, following her*) Stay! all right, don't go away—I'll confess everything, but you will forgive me?

*Mrs. J.* (*coming back*) Go on!

*Standing motionless, face to audience, not looking at RUBENSTEIN during the following.*

*Rub.* Yes, I will. To begin, then, I have never ceased to love you—and if I got acquainted with this——

*Mrs. J.* (*impatiently, tapping floor with her foot*) Go on!

*Rub.* It is very painful to confess this to you—oh, if you knew how hard it is for me to tell you—but you will forgive me, won't you?

*Mrs. J.* Finish what you have to say.

*Rub.* Yes, I will. As I said, I have never ceased to love you, and if I have made the acquaintance of this young person——

*Mrs. J.* (*containing herself*) Ah, she is young then?

*Rub.* Ah, that is to say—but pock marked, horribly pock marked. I was attracted towards her by her earnest love of music—there!

*Mrs. J.* Well, what next?

*Rub.* She asked me to give her music lessons. During the first month we only got as far as the scale—do, re, me, fa, sol, la si, do,—do, si, la, sol, fa, me, re, do. On my word of honor we only got as far as the scale, because I have never ceased to love you.

*Mrs. J.* What next?

*Rub.* (*getting more and more nervous*) The second month she gave me a lock of her hair. (*taking a long tress of hair from his pocket*) Here it is. (*she takes it and throws it over her shoulder; aside*) She is offended.

*Mrs. J.* What next?

*Rub.* (*lowering voice and with great effort*) The third month—the third month—

*Mrs. J.* Which includes to-day.

*Rub.* (*falling on his knees with an hysterical sob*) Oh, Rose, I have wronged you—deceived you!

*Mrs. J.* (*triumphantly*) Ah, very well! This is just what I wanted to hear from your own lips.

*Rub.* (*rising*) And now—you will forgive me?

*Mrs. J.* Forgive you? Never!

*Rub.* (*astonished—aside*) Oh, dear, what a mess I've made of it! (*aloud*) And you persist in being revenged?

*Mrs. J.* (*going up*) An honest wife always keeps her word

*Rub.* Rose, hear me, Rose!

*Mrs. J.* From this time there is nothing in common between us. (*exit into bedroom in great rage*)

*Rub.* (*alone*) She don't mean it; she can't be serious.

*Enter, SUSAN, from kitchen, L., and putting a plate on table.*

*Susan.* Here are the cream puffs. (*aside*) I have literally stuffed them with mustard.

(*she picks up the lock of hair and places it on table with work basket*)

*Rub.* Cream puffs! We haven't had dinner yet; take them away.

*Susan.* What? Not had dinner yet?

*Rub.* I tell you to take them away. Get out! (*SUSAN clears away table and exits; to himself*) No, no—it is impossible. Rose is French, but she is honest. (*reflecting*) Yes, but if she should be more French than honest. Good heavens! I must reason with her. (*opens bedroom door, gets a box on the ear*) Oh, ah!

*Enter, FAKE GILCY, D. back; sees RUBENSTEIN.*

*Fake.* Ah, I beg pardon! Are you engaged?

*Rub.* (*angrily*) What do you want?

*Fake.* Mr. Rubenstein Johnson, if you please.

*Rub.* I am Rubenstein Johnson. I am not at home.

*Fake.* Gilcy—Fake Gilcy, Jr. I play the clarinet. I wanted to see you about the ball this evening.

*Rub.* Ah, very well—see you later—I'm busy!

*Fake.* I suppose you want to hear me before you engage me—I'll play you a tune. (*puts clarinet to his mouth—blows one note*)

*Rub.* That's enough—I engage you! Seventy cents a night! Come back here at eight o'clock this evening.



*Enter, SUSAN, from bedroom carrying a mattress, a pillow and a bolster.*

*Susan.* Yes, all right, ma'am!

*Rub.* What have you there?

*Susan.* (*throwing it down*) Your bed, which the missus told me to bring you.

*Rub.* What! my bed!

*At this moment a bundle of clothes hurled out of the bedroom hits FAKE.*

*Fake.* (*yelling*) Oh, dear!

(*goes over to R.*

*Rub.* (*struck with a silk stiff hat*) Good heavens!

*Enter, DR. BOLIVER D. C., and is immediately struck by a hat-box. The shock makes him stumble and fall on the mattress. The bedroom vomits a shower of pantaloons, slippers, overcoats, night-gown, socks, shirts and flannel undershirts. DR. BOLIVER on the mattress is buried under them.*

*Fake.* (*recognizing DR. BOLIVER*) Stop! Why this is my doctor!

*Rub.* (*darting to door*) Mrs. Johnson! my wife! Rose!

*The door is slammed in his face—jumps back; a big placard is discovered hanging outside with the words, "no admittance."*

—No admittance!

*Bol.* (*rescued from under clothing by FAKE*) I have come to see you about my ball this evening.

*Rub.* This is too much! She has no right to shut me out of our nuptial chamber.

*Fake.* (*aside to DR. BOLIVER*) He is having a little misunderstanding with his wife.

*Rub.* Oh, what an earthquake—my best coat! She has spared nothing!

(*gathering together a pile of clothes*

*Bol.* (*to RUBENSTEIN*) I see, but I've come to see you about the music for my ball.

*Rub.* (*piling in DR. BOLIVER's arms a bundle of pantaloons and a pillow*) All right; but lend us a hand here first.

*Bol.* No, no!

*Rub.* Put them in the closet.

(*getting together another pile*

*Bol.* (*arms full*) I come to see you about my ball—I didn't come for this.

*Fake.* (*following DR. BOLIVER*) You know, doctor, I had my tooth pulled to-day.

*Bol.* I don't care about your tooth. (*enters bedroom—a loud slap heard*) Oh, Lord!

(*rushes out*

*Rub.* Not that way!

*Fake.* (*pushing him towards RUBENSTEIN*) Can't you read—"no admittance?"

*Rub.* (*pointing to closet, R.*) There is the closet.

*Bol.* (*angrily—throwing the garments with which he is loaded, into FAKE's arms*) I did not come here to carry old clothes—I must be going! Hurry up, Johnson, it's time the dancing began!

(*exit, at back*

*Rub.* (*having got another pile of garments ready*) Here, you, Giley, carry all them into the closet! Don't forget to take the mattress, the blanket and the silk hat!

*Fake.* But see here——

*Rub.* Don't I pay you?

*Fake.* For playing the clarinet.

*Rub.* But now you are not playing. *(slaps hat on his head)*

*Fake.* *(going towards closet, R., returns to RUBENSTEIN, who also has an armful of garments)* But see here, Mr. Johnson, I must let you know at once that there is one note I won't play—my doctor has forbidden me to play it.

*Rub.* Which note is that?

*Fake.* The *la* of the third octave. That note exhausts me.

*Rub.* But what do you do when you come to it in your music?

*Fake.* I take a rest, according to the length of the note. I forgot to tell you I have the dyspepsia. You would not believe it, but I have!

*Rub.* *(pushing him towards closet)* All right, hurry up!

*After FAKE has gone into closet, RUBENSTEIN throws in the stuff he has in his arms, then gathers up mattress and bolster.*

—Dear me! What a storm we've had!

*Enter, MRS. JOHNSON from bedroom, magnificently dressed and holding a night-cap by the string.*

*Rub.* Ah, it is you, is it?

*Mrs. J.* *(majestic and calm)* That every bond between us may be completely broken, I bring you this final symbol of our married life. *(throws cap at him with contempt)*

*Enter, SUSAN, at back.*

*Susan.* Mr. Johnson!

*Rub.* *(piling the mattress and bolster in her arms)* Well, what is it now?

*Susan.* Mr. Adonis Montague has sent again to enquire after your health.

*Rub.* Again! I am very well and thank him for enquiring. *(aside, with teeth set)* This gentleman is very obliging but his interest in my health is becoming oppressive.

*Susan.* I have sent your letters to the medical students, ma'am. They'll all come!

*Rub.* What is that?

*Mrs. J.* *(aside to her)* That's good! Make a bowl of hot punch. *(SUSAN exits, R.)*

*Rub.* *(to MRS. JOHNSON, who is arranging her dress before the glass)* Punch?—this fancy dress!

*Mrs. J.* Well, what of it? I'm expecting company—I give a party this evening.

*Rub.* A party in my absence! And who is coming?

*Mrs. J.* My cousin, the young medical student. I have also invited all his classmates.

*Rub.* What? A whole class of young medical students?

*Mrs. J.* And why not? They are all nice fellows.

*Enter, FAKE, from closet.*

*Fake.* *(aside)* Ah, the wife! *(aside to RUBENSTEIN)* She looks lovely this evening.

*Rub. (impatiently)* Oh, you make me tired! *(to Mrs. JOHNSON)* Mrs. Johnson, I forbid you——

*Fake. (bowing to Mrs. JOHNSON)* Giley, ma'am, Fake Giley—clarinetist.

*Mrs. J. (turning back to him)* You look it!

*Rub.* I forbid you to receive these students, ma'am!

*Mrs. J.* Too late! They have accepted my invitation; besides I have a sick headache and need amusement.

*Fake. (aside)* She's a jolly little woman. I'm sorry I have a weak stomach. *(goes up and remains L.)*

*Rub.* Ah, that's the reason, is it? Madam, I warn you that not a single man under one hundred and ten years of age shall set foot in this house to-night!

*Mrs. J.* Tut, tut, tut!

*Rub.* 'There is no tut, tut, tut about it! I shall give orders to that effect now. Susan! Susan!

*Enter, SUSAN, from back.*

*Susan. (announcing)* Mr. Adonis Montague!

*Rub. (aside)* Confound his impudence!

*Enter, ADONIS MONTAGUE, at back—RUBENSTEIN meets him.*

*Mont. (most affably)* Excuse me, my dear Johnson——

*Mrs. J. (aside)* He here!

*Mont.* I simply came to enquire——

*Mrs. J. (aside)* Nothing but heaven could have sent him.

*(sits in easy chair; takes up fancy work from table)*

*Mont. (to RUBENSTEIN)* I felt very uneasy about you, so——

*Rub.* Very kind of you, I'm sure, and I thank you ever so much. *(aside)* He is very polite, I must confess.

*Fake. (aside)* He's not one hundred and ten years old!

*Mont. (to RUBENSTEIN)* Very well; and have you entirely recovered from your accident?

*Mrs. J.* What accident?

*Mont. (turning in surprise—then to RUBENSTEIN)* Mrs. Johnson, no doubt? Please introduce me.

*Rub.* With pleasure! *(aside)* The devil take him! *(aloud)* My dear, Mr. Adonis Montague, *(Mrs. JOHNSON rises, and she and MONTAGUE bow profoundly)* who had the extreme kindness——

*Mont. (interrupting him)* Oh, no, sir, the pleasure *(to Mrs. JOHNSON)* of rendering a slight service to your husband, who was seized with dizziness in Hot Muffin street.

*Mrs. J. (reseating herself and working)* Ah, yes, No. 7!

*Rub.* Ah, yes, that is to say——

*Fake. (aside)* Mr. Montague is a very pleasant gentleman.

*Mont. (looking about him)* You have a very cosy little place here.

*Rub.* I beg pardon, but I was about to go out.

*Mont. (taking chair and sitting near Mrs. JOHNSON)* All right, my dear friend Johnson, don't let me detain you.

*Rub. (aside)* What! Is he going to settle down here?

*Fake. (aside)* His stomach seems to be all right.

*Mont. (to Mrs. JOHNSON—examines work)* Nothing but the hand of a fairy or a woman as lovely as yourself could produce these marvels of patience and good taste.

*Mrs. J. (coquetishly)* Oh, Mr. Montague, you flatter me!

*Fake. (to RUBENSTEIN)* Look out, Johnson! Mr. Montague is a dangerous man.

*Rub. (aside, irritated)* I can see that very well. *(takes chair and sits near MONTAGUE)* I beg pardon, I was about to go.

*Mont.* You give a concert this evening, don't you?

*Rub.* No, next Thursday; but—

*Mont.* All the pretty women in town will be there and I dare say your wife will be the brightest ornament of them all.

*Fake. (who has seated himself near RUBENSTEIN)* Did you hear him? He said, "the brightest ornament."

*Rub. (to MONTAGUE)* Sorry to disturb you, but I must go now.

*Mont. (interrupting him)* Your polkas are the talk of the town—especially the last. It is a miracle of harmony.

*Rub.* Oh, sir! *(aside)* Confound his politeness!

*Mont. (humming polka)* Let me see, how does it go?

*Rub. (humming with him, then stops suddenly)* I am sorry, but I must go now.

*Mont.* It is called "Evelena," I believe?

*Mrs. J.* Ah?

*Rub. (quickly)* No, no! It is called "Concertina."

*Mont. (to MRS. JOHNSON)* Ah, it is named after you, madam!

*Mrs. J.* Not at all!

*Rub. (rising quickly and placing his chair at back)* It is purely an imaginary name, sir!

*Fake. (approaching MONTAGUE)* My case, exactly! I have written a piece I call the Gilecy march—named after myself, Fake Gilecy. It goes like this. *(hums)*

*Mont. (dryly)* I never before heard of you or your march.

*(turning to MRS. JOHNSON)*

*Fake. (rising and placing his chair L., aside)* What ignorance! *(to RUBENSTEIN)* Say, it's getting late. Supposing we eat a bite before we go.

*Rub.* Oh, take anything you want and leave me alone!

*Fake. (seeing plate of puffs on buffet)* Ah, cream puffs!

*Rub. (aside, watching MONTAGUE and MRS. JOHNSON)* He is whispering to her.

*Fake. (taking plate)* Cream puffs! A glorious thing for my dyspepsia! *(exit into kitchen with plate)*

*Rub. (placing his head between MONTAGUE and MRS. JOHNSON who stop talking on seeing him)* You were talking together? Might I know what about? *(MONTAGUE rises)*

*Mrs. J. (still working and indifferently)* Mr. Montague was only saying he thought I had most lovely hands, but that is of no interest to you.

*Rub.* I beg your pardon, Mr. Montague, but you desired news of my health—I am very well indeed. I have completely recovered and I have the honor of wishing you an affectionate good day.

*Mont.* Ah, I understand you—I have been indiscrete.

*Rub.* Don't mention it!

*Mont. (returning to MRS. JOHNSON)* It is very natural with such charming company—every minute of your time I occupy is robbing you of so much happiness.

*(MRS. JOHNSON sits down her work and rises)*

*Rub. (aside)* Confound him! He talks forever and never goes. *(takes candle from buffet)*

*Mont.* As for me, I love this pure and honest life. You must be happy by your calm fireside, surrounded by your husband and children. Of course you have children?

*Mrs. J.* Alas, no!

*Mont.* (to RUBENSTEIN) No children? Oh, Johnson!

*Rub.* (aside) Why don't he mind his own business? (aloud) Mr. Montague, as I shall probably not see you again, I bid you good-day.

*Mont.* Good-day, until to-morrow, my dear Johnson.

*Rub.* There is no need of your calling again.

*Mrs. J.* (graciously) We will be very happy to see you at any time you please to call, Mr. Montague.

*Rub.* (aside) She encourages him. (aloud) Good evening, sir, good evening! (exit, MONTAGUE at back) At last—we've got rid of him!

*Mrs. J.* He's a very charming young man, this Mr. Montague, he has the true French politeness which is very refreshing.

*Rub.* You think so, do you? (runs to bell and rings)

Enter, SUSAN, L.

*Susan.* Did you call?

*Rub.* If Mr. Adonis Montague calls here again at any time, don't forget that neither my wife nor myself are at home.

*Susan.* Very well, sir! (exit back)

*Rub.* I don't like his refreshing French politeness. I am going to dress for the ball. (exit into closet, R.)

*Mrs. J.* Ah, that's your little game, is it? (runs to bell and rings it angrily)

Enter, SUSAN at back.

*Mrs. J.* Susan, whenever Mr. Montague calls bring him in at once without delay. Do you understand?

*Susan.* Yes, ma'am, perfectly! (seeing MONTAGUE at back—announcing) Mr. Adonis Montague! (exit, L. 3 E.)

*Mrs. J.* (aside) Here again! So much the better!

Enter, MONTAGUE, at back, timidly—carrying a large boquet concealed behind him.

*Mont.* Madame!

*Mrs. J.* Come right in, Mr. Montague.

*Mont.* Perhaps you did not think to see me again so soon?

*Mrs. J.* Why not? Why, I am waiting for you!

*Mont.* (astonished and joyous) Dear me, you don't say so! I simply returned to present you this boquet which I had forgotten in my carriage.

*Mrs. J.* (quickly taking the boquet) Give it me! Ah, these flowers are perfectly lovely! Exquisite!

*Mont.* You are very kind! But I am afraid I came back too soon. Your husband may return.

*Mrs. J.* Supposing he does, what do I care? My husband indeed! Make yourself quite at home.

*Mont.* Oh, thank you, my dear Mrs.—

*Mrs. J.* Ah, what is this? You have concealed a note in this boquet.

*Mont.* Oh, not before me, I beg of you. Read it when I am gone.



Mrs. J. Why not read it now? You have written it for me and I will read it. (*opening note and reading*) "Dear madam:—It is with a trembling hand I write these lines, but I beg to assure you my passion will never overstep the boundery of respect."

Mont. Never! never!

Mrs. J. And you call that a declaration? It is only a petition. It is too cold—it makes me shiver.

(*she crumples up note and throws it on the floor*)

Mont. What a fool I have been! I will write you another—a warmer one. (*going*)

Mrs. J. (*fumbling in her pocket and taking out a paper*) One moment! I have here a rough draft of a letter to Evelena which I found in the pocket of my rascal of a husband. When a man is in love this is how he speaks. (*reading*) "My dear little kitten—"

Mont. What?

Mrs. J. "To see you is heaven—to leave a torment—" (*speaking*) Oh, the villain!

Mont. (*passionately*) Oh, yes! To see you is indeed heaven!

Mrs. J. (*reading*) "That I may have a souvenir of my only darling when I am not with you give me, oh, give me a lock of your hair."

Mont. Oh, I would never dare to expect so much! Anything, if only a single hair, would make me happy!

Mrs. J. What! (*going to work basket and taking EVELENA'S lock*) See! This is what she gives to him, my scoundrel of a husband!

Mont. Oh, that is too much, very much too much!

Mrs. J. No, it is not too much!—"an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth." (*unloosens her hair*) Here, help yourself, take what you want—don't be too modest!

Mont. (*darting towards her*) Oh, my dear little—

Rub. (*outside*) Oh, damn it! A button off again!

Mrs. J. My husband!

Mont. Confound him!

Mrs. J. (*pointing him to a footstool at her feet and making him take a skein of yarn*) Kneel there, take this in your hands—it's all right, don't be alarmed!

*She sits L., and commences to wind yarn which MONTAGUE holds—her hair falling over her shoulder.*

*Enter, RUBENSTEIN from closet, with waistcoat in hand.*

Rub. Damn these buttons! They always come off at the very moment a man—(*sees MONTAGUE*) Thunder and lightning!

Mrs. J. (*still winding—affectionately*) Ah, back so soon, hubby?

Mont. (*not looking around*) Ah, good evening again, my dear Johnson!

Rub. (*aside*) I shall lose my reason very soon. (*aloud*) Look here, sir, I thought you had gone?

Mont. (*he and Mrs. JOHNSON rise together but not letting go skein, she still winding*) Yes, I did go but I had only reached the foot of the stairs when I discovered I had been very impolite

Rub. Impolite! (*angrily coming between them and taking skein between his own hands*) I demand an explanation!

(*Mrs. JOHNSON breaks the ball from skein*)

*Mont.* Nothing can be more simple, my dear sir. You are giving a concert next Thursday and I forgot to ask you for tickets. I will take twenty.

*Mrs. J.* Oh, that is too many! (*to RUBENSTEIN*) Why don't you thank the gentleman?

*Rub. (still holding skein)* My tickets are all sold! There won't be standing room at my concert—do you understand? Not even standing room!

*Mont.* What! and you have not reserved even one for me? Ah, Johnson, this is unkind, nay, it is cruel of you.

*Rub. (aside, furious)* Oh, I shall throw him out of the window in a minute. (*aloud*) See here, sir, don't think to blind me, sir! For the last ten hour you have been dancing attendance on my wife.

*Mont.* Ah, Johnson, this is an ungrateful thing to say to me—me, your dear friend.

*Rub.* Well, my "dear friend," this business must come to an end. I don't know you! I don't want to know you! I have no tickets for you, and you will do me a favor by forgetting my name, my street and my number.

*Mont. (laughing and drawing back)* But, my dear Johnson, you are ill. Madam, take good care of him—I will send you my own family physician.

*Rub. (talking at same time with him)* Go on, get out! I understand, good day! Get out! (*both exeunt at back*)

*Mrs. J.* Howl away, my lovely husband! You've been rude enough to Mr. Montague. He's a very nice man! I begin to like him!

*Enter, MONTAGUE, by window.*

*Mont.* Is he gone?

*Mrs. J.* Ah! No, not yet!

*Mont.* That's unfortunate!

*Rub. (outside)* You understand, janitor?

*Mrs. J. (quickly sitting in easy chair, R.)* Quick, take this!

(*MONTAGUE takes skein—she commences to wind*)

*Enter, RUBENSTEIN, at back.*

*Rub.* I have just ordered the janitor—(*seeing MONTAGUE—aside*) What! Here again? He's worse than the Flying Dutchman! (*furious, darting between them; aloud*) How long do you intend to continue this little game of yours, sir?

*Mont. (backing up stage, laughing)* Hasn't my doctor come yet?

*Rub. (following)* I don't want your doctor!

*Mont. (laughing)* Be calm, my dear Johnson! I'll order a bath for you—you need a cold bath.

*Rub. (following)* Get out! Get out, or I'll call the police!

(*exit, at back following MONTAGUE, calling, "Police!"*)

*Mrs. J. (who has gone up back)* Police, indeed! Ah, my revenge has begun!

(*stands looking off back*)

*Enter, FAKE, L. 3 E., very pale, holding empty plate.*

*Fake.* Oh, Lord! Those puffs—cream puffs, oh! (*groans*) I feel as if I had a mustard bath in my stomach, and they say cream puffs are good for the health!

*He falls on a chair, L. MRS. JOHNSON comes down; noise outside,*  
L. 3 E.

*Enter, SUSAN, quickly, L. 3 E.*

*Susan.* Stop, I tell you! Let me alone!

*Fake.* }  
    & } Hello, what's the matter?

*Mrs. J.* }

*Susan.* Those young medical students you invited have come, and they all insist on kissing me.

*Mrs. J.* Ah, my young doctors! Come in, boys, come in! Make yourselves quite at home!  
(*exit SUSAN, L. 3 E.*)

*Enter, STUDENTS, L. 3 E.*

—(*to STUDENTS*) Delighted to see you all; so kind of you to come!

*Students.* (*bowing low*) Ah, madam!

*Mrs. J.* And from this time forth, I shall expect you to call on me every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday—

*Fake.* (*aside*) Saturday and Sunday!

*Mrs. J.* And if you will do me the honor—

*Fake.* (*aside*) She's going it pretty strong!

*1st Stu.* Ah, madam, your extreme kindness—

*2nd Stu.* We esteem ourselves exceedingly fortunate—

*Fake.* (*aside*) I'm sorry my stomach is so weak!

*Enter, SUSAN, with bowl of punch on a little stand which she sets C. of stage.*

*Susan.* Here is the punch!

(*exit,*

*Students.* Punch, brothers, punch!

*Enter, SUSAN, running in from back.*

*Susan.* Sh! Here is Mr. Johnson!

*Students.* The husband!

(*they start to go*

*Mrs. J.* Stay, gentlemen, I beg of you!

(*they stop*

*Susan.* (*to STUDENTS*) He is in a furious rage of jealousy.

*Students.* Jealous? Scoot, brothers, scoot!

*They all exit by the different doors except those at back and that leading to the kitchen; one carries off bowl, another the stand.*

*Enter, RUBENSTEIN at back.*

*Rub.* I saw him as far as the street door and don't expect to see him back again right away, but to make assurance doubly sure, before I go I will double lock all the doors.

*Fake.* }

*Mrs. J.* } What!

*Susan.* }

*Rub.* Susan, come here! Give me the keys—all the keys!

*Susan.* (*hesitating*) But—really, sir!

*Fake.* Fiddler, beware!

*Rub.* (*to FAKE*) You make me tired! (*taking keys from SUSAN*) The keys, I tell you!

*Susan.* (*uttering a cry*) Ah!

Mrs. J. Mr. Johnson, do not drive me to an extreme!

Fake. Do not drive her to an extreme. If you knew—

Rub. Shut up! (locks a door)

Fake. (aside) He is locking up four wolves in his sheepfold.

Rub. (pointing to door at back) That one I will lock from the outside when I leave.

Mrs. J. Mr. Johnson, I wish to go out—I will go out!

Rub. Tut, tut, tut, tut!

(takes his violin box from under the easy chair)

Fake. (aside) Shall I tell him? No, it would annoy him.

Mrs. J. Oh, this is infamous!

Rub. (pushing out FAKE) Go on with you! We are late for the ball as it is.

Fake. All right, old boy!

(they exit at back; noise of locking door heard outside)

Mrs. J. (while door is being locked) Mr. Johnson, if you lock me in—look out for yourself!

Rub. (outside) You'll be here when I come back, Mrs. Johnson. Ha, ha, ha!

Mrs. J. Locked in!

Susan. Prisoners!

Students. (appearing at four doors) Is he gone?

Mrs. J. My dear boys, we are blockaded! Shut in like a lot of Robinson Crusoes.

Enter, STUDENTS, gayly.

Students. Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, le!

Mrs. J. But I will outwit my husband yet. My dear young friends, I invited you here to accompany me to a ball.

Students. A ball? Where?

Mrs. J. At Dr. Boliver's. I don't know him, but I'll introduce you.

Students. Good! We'll go!

Mrs. J. Susan, give me my cloak and come with us to the ball, the more the merrier. You can help yourself to any dress in my wardrobe.

Students. But how shall we get out? (they go to two locked doors)

1st Stu. (at window) A bricklayer's ladder!

Mrs. J. The same that Montague used—I will go first.

Susan. (giving her cloak) Two stories—you might kill yourself!

Mrs. J. A good idea! (runs to table and writes—reads) "Accuse no one of my death. My husband has just thrown me out of the window." There, if I break my neck, let Mr. Johnson look out for himself!

Susan. (aside) Ah, devoted wife! Her last thought is of her husband.

Mrs. J. (mounting window) Now, come, all follow me!

Picture.—MRS. JOHNSON on sill, others pointing towards her, about to follow.

END OF ACT II.

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—Ball-room at DR. BOLIVER'S, illuminated. At rise of curtain guests are seen promenading at back. DR. BOLIVER discovered front.

*Bol.* (taking out watch) Seven minutes past ten—still no orchestra. It's a shame!

*Enter, MRS. BOLIVER, from L.*

*Mrs. B.* Well, doctor, where is your music?

*Bol.* I can't understand it. Everything is prepared for them and still they don't come.

*Mrs. B.* Our guests have been walking themselves footsore for the last hour. You certainly don't expect to give a ball without music?

*Bol.* Certainly not! At half past eight o'clock precisely, I called on my orchestra leader—I found him engaged in some slight misunderstanding with his wife—I gave him what help I could.

*Mrs. B.* Oh, when these husbands undertake to do a thing!

(she goes up stage)

*Bol.* But, my dear Mrs. B., you are very unreasonable. Is it my fault if they are not here?

*Mrs. B.* Perhaps you will tell me what I am to do with our company? The women are yawning and the men are already half asleep.

*Bol.* What is to be done? Ask our niece Cleopatra to sing them "The Heart Bowed Down."

*Mrs. B.* Cleopatra is dressing, and you know it always takes her a long time to dress.

*Bol.* Yes, as the poet says, "Art is long and time is fleeting." Let her take all the time she wants. I think I have found a match for her. Mr. Adonis Montague promised to come this evening.

*Mrs. B.* Mr. Adonis Montague! Is he rich?

*Bol.* Rich? I should say so! He keeps an architect—I heard him say so. (taking out watch) Thirty-five minutes past ten! Tell me, Mrs. B., can't you sing them, "Shall we gather at the River?"

*Mrs. B.* (indignant) The idea!

*Bol.* I wish I had rented an organ.

*Enter, FLIP, L., dressed as a waiter.*

*Flip.* Here I am, doctor! Shall I serve the refreshments?

*Bol.* Not yet; after the dancing begins. Wait till the people get hot.

*Mrs. B.* Take your place at the door and announce what visitors may arrive.

*Flip.* Very well, ma'am. (to BOLIVER) How do you like my make up?

*Bol.* Excellent! It is perfect!

*Mrs. B.* But why do you wear black gloves?

*Flip.* They don't show the dirt. I've used these for the last six months; see, they look all right, but smell 'em!

(puts them to MRS. BOLIVER'S nose)



*Mrs. B. (pushing him away)* Very well, that will do! (*FLIP goes up to C. D. back*) That's another of your brilliant arrangements!

*Flip. (announcing)* Mr. and Mrs. Huckleberry Dew!

*Mrs. B.* Dear me, more visitors!

*Bol.* And still no orchestra!

*Enter, MRS. JOHNSON, at back.*

*Flip.* Your name, please!

*Mrs. J. (pushing him aside)* Ah, don't bother me!

*Flip. (announcing)* Mrs. Don't-Bother-me!

*Bol. & } (turning, astonished) What?*

*Mrs. J. (coming down resolutely—to herself)* Well, here I am at last, without accident. Lock me in, will you?

*Enter, STUDENTS, at back.*

*Flip.* What shall I announce?

*1st Stu.* Watermelons!

*Flip.* The Watermelon brothers!

*Bol. (aside to MRS. BOLIVER)* Mrs. Don't-bother-me and the Watermelon brothers? I never heard of them before. Do you know them, Mrs. B.?

*Mrs. B.* Not at all!

*Bol.* No more do I! (*bowing to MRS. JOHNSON and STUDENTS*) I beg your pardon—

*Mrs. J.* Ah, good evening, Dr. Boliver!

*Students.* Good evening, Dr. Boliver!

*Bol. (aside)* They know my name. (*aloud*) Might I ask you—

*Mrs. J.* I see your orchestra has not yet arrived.

*Bol.* We are waiting for them now, but—

*1st Stu.* But, doctor, a dance without music is like a stuffed duck—

*2nd Stu.* Without stuffing—

*3rd Stu.* And without duck.

*Bol. (laughing)* Yes, you are right. (*aside*) Are they making sport of me? (*to MRS. JOHNSON*) Might I be so bold as to ask you—

*Mrs. J.* What?

*Bol.* Your face is not entirely unknown to me—but to whom have I the honor of speaking?

*Mrs. J. (aside to STUDENTS)* Oh, dear! Is he going to show us the door?

*2nd Stu. (to others)* We are liable to be fired out any minute.

*Bol.* You will pardon me if—

*Flip.* What is the name, please?

*Enter, SUSAN, at back.*

*Susan.* Susan Clipper, from New York.

*Flip.* Susan Clipper, from New York, eh? (*announcing*) The New York Clipper!

*Bol.* Even the press put in an appearance at my evening party.

*Mrs. J.* Why, Susan, you are late!

*Susan.* Yes, misses, in the first place I had the greatest trouble to find a dress to fit me; in the second place, I slipped at the last round of the ladder; in the third place——

*Mrs. J.* In the third place, you are here and that is enough. (*aloud to DR. BOLIVER*) Allow me to present to you these gentlemen—they are relatives—friends of mine.

*Bol.* (*bowing to STUDENTS*) Gentlemen, I feel highly honored, I assure you, but I have not the pleasure of knowing——

*Mrs. J.* (*interrupting*) Also let me formally introduce my dear friend, Miss Susan Clipper, knowing that any friends of mine will also be received as friends of yours.

*1st Stu.* Permit me to introduce to you Mrs.——

*Mrs. B.* (*aside*) They are making fun of us.

*Bol.* (*to MRS. JOHNSON*) Madam, I am delighted to meet you, but you have not yet told me——

*Mrs. J.* Dr. Boliver, your little party is perfectly charming, and Mrs. Boliver?

*Bol.* She is very well, thank you, but——

*Mrs. J.* And your fascinating son—how is he?

*Bol.* I have no son.

*Mrs. J.* Delighted to hear it!

(*she goes up stage*)

*Students.* Delighted to hear it!

(*they go up stage*)

*Bol.* (*aside*) Who the devil are these people?

*Flip.* (*announcing*) Mr. Adonis Montague!

(*DR. and MRS. BOLIVER go up quickly.*)

*Mrs. J.* (*aside*) Montague here! Ah, he will introduce us!

(*she goes quickly to L., followed by STUDENTS*)

*Enter, MONTAGUE, at back, bowing.*

*Mont.* Ladies! (*sees MRS. JOHNSON—goes to her*) Mrs. Johnson! How happy I am to meet you! I did not expect the pleasure of meeting you here.

*Mrs. J.* (*low voice*) Introduce me as well as you can!

*Bol.* (*to MONTAGUE*) I see you know this lady.

*Mont.* (*taking MRS. JOHNSON by hand and presenting her*) Undoubtedly! She is—she is my sister.

*Bol.* & } His sister!

*Mrs. B.* }

*Mont.* Who has just returned from a long voyage in—in Central Africa.

*Mrs. J.* (*aside—going R.*) He's a lovely liar!

*Mrs. B.* (*to MRS. JOHNSON*) Oh, permit me to apologise——

*Bol.* Dear Mrs. Bon't-bother-me——

*Mont.* & } (*astonished*) Mrs. what? (*MONTAGUE goes up stage*)

*Mrs. J.* }

*Bol.* (*eagerly*) Are you too cold?

*Mrs. B.* I trust you are not too warm?

*Mrs. J.* I'm very comfortable, thank you! (*aside*) How very polite they have grown all of a sudden.

*Bol.* (*pointing to STUDENTS*) And these gentlemen?

*Mrs. J.* They are my cousins—you see I have brought my family.

*Bol.* It's very kind of you to do so. (*shaking hands with STUDENTS*) Mr. Watermelon——

*1st Stu.* I hope we have not been indiscreet——

*Bol.* (*retaining him*) Not at all! Make yourselves comfortable.

Mrs. J. (*aside to STUDENTS*) We are all right at last.

Mrs. B. (*to MRS. JOHNSON and some women grouped at back*) Ladies and gentlemen, shall we adjourn to the blue drawing-room?  
(*goes up with MRS. JOHNSON*)

Bol. (*to MONTAGUE*) I will now present you to my niece.

Mont. ( *vexed*) Yes, very well, but wait until after supper.

Bol. (*aside*) But we're not going to have any supper. I'm sorry I told him there would be supper, now. (*approaches STUDENTS*)

Mont. (*offering arm to MRS. JOHNSON*) My dear little sister! (*aside, passionately*) Come, let us talk of love!

Mrs. J. Later in the evening, Mr. Montague, really not now!

Bol. This way, ladies and gentlemen, to the blue drawing-room; my niece Cleopatra is about to sing, "The Heart Bowed Down."  
(*exit all by door at back*)

*Enter, RUBENSTEIN and FAKE, R., one carrying violin box and the other a flute.*

Rub. Come on, you idiot! (*aside*) What a stupid blockhead that clarinet player is. He stopped at every drug store on the way here.

Fake. (*with flute and two bottles of patent medicine*) I bought a bottle of Mulligan's Stomach Bitters and a box of Bulkicker's Dyspepsia Cure. I may need it before the dance is over. Oh, Lord, those cream puffs!

*Enter, MRS. BOLIVER, at back.*

Mrs. B. Ah, here you are at last! You are late, Mr. Orchestra leader, very late.

Rub. Just as I was leaving home a little accident happened.

Mrs. B. Well, be quick—my guests are tired waiting. Play us something at once—something which will inspire the idea of marriage.

Rub. In yourself, madam?

Mrs. B. No, to Mrs. Don't-bother-me's brother! (*exit back, L.*)

Rub. (*astonished*) Mrs. Don't-bother-me?

Fake. A very aristocratic name, isn't it?

Rub. I can't tell why, but the name made me think of my wife.

Fake. Your wife? (*aside*) I must tell him! (*aloud*) I don't want to make you uneasy, Mr. Johnson, but I pity you—

Rub. Oh, I'm all right! I feel safe enough for to-night, anyway. I have the key in my pocket. Oh, she'll be in such a temper, locked up all the evening alone! (*laughing*)

Fake. (*aside*) Poor devil! If he knew he had locked in four young medical students with his wife. But I must tell him! (*aloud*) I say, boss—

Rub. Well, what is it?

Fake. No, nothing! (*aside*) It might prevent his playing to-night if I told him.

Rub. Come, now, let us get in tune; are you ready?

Fake. Let her go!

Rub. (*sounding note on violin*) There is my *la*!

Fake. (*playing one entirely different*) Here is mine!

Rub. But that is not *la* you are giving me.

Fake. That is my *la*—it is in the minor key. It is *la minor*!

Rub. But I am playing the major key. Here, now, attention!

*He gives la in three octaves—FAKE gives the two first, then that of the third. He then shakes his clarinet and puts it under his arm.*

*Rub.* Well, what is the matter? Go on!

*Fake.* No, that's the note my doctor forbids me to play.

*Rub.* And why?

*Fake.* On account of my weak stomach.

*Rub.* What, would you let your stomach create a discord in your playing?

*Fake.* Health before everything!

*Rub.* Very well, let us understand each other. I give you seventy cents a night. There are seven notes of music, that's ten cents a note. The instant you drop one of them, I'll drop ten cents off your salary. So look out!

*Fake.* It's hard, but it sounds reasonable!

*Enter, DR. BOLIVER, at back.*

*Bol.* Come now, orchestra—we've been waiting for a polka ever since ten o'clock.

*Rub.* Immediately, doctor! *(stand R., arranges music)*

*Fake.* *(recognizing doctor)* What! Why, that's my doctor! Doctor, I am no better! I still have a suggestion of dyspepsia.

*Bol.* Oh, go to the devil! My office hours are from twelve to four. *(sticks out his tongue)*

*Rub.* Here, clarinet, all ready!

*Fake.* *(goes R.)* Here I am! Let her go!

*Rub.* *(music cue)* Attention!

*(they play a waltz. From time to time FAKE skips the high notes)*

*Bol.* *(delighted)* At last my ball has begun.

*Enter, MRS. BOLIVER, dancing with a guest. She is followed by guests, dancing. At last, enter, MONTAGUE and MRS. JOHNSON, dancing together.*

*Rub.* *(recognizing her and yelling)* What, my wife!

*Bol.* *(starting)* What's the matter?

*Mont.* The husband!

*Mrs. J.* *(forcibly)* Go on with the music!

*Rub.* *(coming c.)* I'll not play for you to dance with him!

*Bol.* What's the matter with you?

*Rub.* Yes, yes!

*MONTAGUE and MRS. JOHNSON dance together into another room.*

*RUBENSTEIN follows them wildly, still mechanically playing the violin. Groups of guests passing and re-passing, prevent his reaching MONTAGUE and MRS. JOHNSON.*

—See here, my wife—Rose—Mrs. Johnson! *(exit, L., following)*

*Fake.* Dear me! where is my leader going?

*Follows RUBENSTEIN, he playing clarinet, as far as door, when DR.*

*BOLIVER catches him by the coat tail and pull him back; exit guests.*

*Bol.* My orchestra is deserting me. I've saved a piece of it anyway.

*Fake.* I was only following my leader.

*Bol.* You stay right here and play—play your clarinet. That's what you're paid for, isn't it?

*Fake.* Doctor, now that we are alone—I know it's after hours—but look at that tongue. *(sticks out tongue)*

*Bol.* I haven't time now, I tell you!

*Fake.* The diet you ordered me has done me no good.

*Bol.* Oh, this is a pleasant evening party!

*Fake.* And yet I haven't permitted myself the least excitement, I drink nothing stronger than milk, I eat cream puffs—oh, lord! I avoid mashing—

*Bol. (impatient)* Then change your plan! Drink nothing but raw whisky—fall in love every five minutes!

*Fake. (joyous)* I may love once more. Oh, doctor, the masher is himself again!

*Bol.* And now play us something!

*Fake. (looking out door of salon)* Oh, woman, woman, lovely women! Ah, what magnificent shoulders! *(throws kisses)*

*Bol.* But those are my wife's shoulders! Play your clarinet, you idiot! *(going up)* Where is my leader, I wonder? *(to FAKE)* Don't you move! *(exit after RUBENSTEIN)*

*Fake.* Ah, the doctor has given me new life. He says I may love. If I had only known that at half past eight—Mrs. Johnson—ah, what an angel she is! Here she comes!

*(a group of dancers cross stage, back)*

*Enter, MONTAGUE and MRS. JOHNSON, dancing polka, RUBENSTEIN following, playing violin.*

*Rub. (parting them)* Well, well, madam, what are you doing here?

*Mrs. J.* I am dancing.

*Mont.* Mr. Johnson, I advise you to be more respectful in your remarks to this lady.

*Rub.* I was not speaking to you, sir. *(to MRS. JOHNSON)* But tell me—how did you get out? I locked you in—here is the key!

*Mrs. J.* I climbed out through the chimney!

*Fake. (poetically)* Like Santa Claus on Christmas morning!

*Rub. (placing a chair R., to MRS. JOHNSON)* See here, madam, you are my wife! You will sit here on this chair, beside me—and I forbid you to move. Did you bring your work with you?

*Mrs. J.* My work? The idea! Do you think I came here to darn socks or sew on buttons?

*Mont. (laughing)* Ah, a splendid joke! Ha, ha!

*Rub.* I was not speaking to you, sir!

*Mont.* By your leave, Mr. Johnson, but this lady has been kind enough to accept me for the second waltz.

*Mrs. J.* And the third and the fourth!

*Mont.* And the fifth and the sixth!

*Fake.* I'll engage her for the others!

*Rub.* Be careful—don't go too far or I'll stir up a scene!

*Mont.* You should not threaten us, sir, or—

*Mrs. J.* Oh, you do not frighten me in the least. I have plenty of friends here, and I will dance the polka and waltz and mazourka all the evening to your very face!

*Fake.* She's energetic! I'll bet on Mrs. Johnson.



*Mrs. J.* Come, come! We are wasting time; go on, fiddler finish the polka!

*Mont.* Ah, yes, some music, fiddler!

*Fake.* (*aside*) Now that's what I call a sublime nerve!

*Enter, DR. BOLIVER, MRS. BOLIVER, the four students and guests.*

*Omnes.* Well, orchestra! Music! music!

*Rub.* I won't play any more if this woman dances. I forbid her to dance!

*Omnes.* What?

*Mrs. J.* Where in the world did you pick up this shabby fiddler, Dr. Boliver?

*Mont.* The man is drunk!

*Omnes.* Yes, for shame! He's drunk!

*Mrs. B.* (*to DR. BOLIVER*) Pay him and turn him out!

*Bol.* Yes! (*to RUBENSTEIN*) See here, sir! There are the four dollars I promised you. (*takes out money*) Now, get out!

*Omnes.* Out! Get out!

*Rub.* Very well, but I'll take this woman with me!

*Students.* Don't you touch her! (*holding him*)

*Fake.* (*aside*) Ah, I recognize the medical punch party! Mrs. Johnson has come well protected.

*Mrs. J.* Take me with you? and by what right?

*Rub.* By what right? (*posing c.; aside*) With a single word I'll make her tremble. (*to all*) Gentlemen, this woman is my wife!

*Omnes.* His wife!

*Bol.* Mrs. Don't-bother-me!

*Mont.* My sister!

*Mrs. J.* (*astonished*) I don't know the drunken fiddler!

*Omnes.* Ah!

*Rub.* (*stupidified*) Oh!

*Fake.* (*laughing*) Oh!

*Rub.* Oh, this is too much! I call my clarinetist to witness. Speak, Fake Giley! (*brings FAKE to c.*)

*Fake.* I? Well, really, to tell the truth and shame the devil, I don't know anything about it! (*goes up*)

*Rub.* I see it all! This is a conspiracy! (*taking her hand*) Come along with me, woman!

*Mrs. J.* (*jerking away and taking refuge with students*) Stand back, sir! I am protected by the college of Pharmaceutical surgery!

*Students.* (*yelling*) Put him out! Put him out!

*Omnes.* Yes, out with him—he's drunk! He's a maniac—put him out!

*The four students, followed by guests, take up RUBENSTEIN and carry him out, while FAKE, in his place, R., plays with great animation the clarinet.*

*Mrs. J.* (*aside*) So, you'll lock me in, will you?

*Fake.* (*aside*) Ah, she is alone! I suspect she has a sneaking liking for me—the doctor has prescribed this sort of thing—I'll try it! (*to MRS. JOHNSON, passionately*) Adorable Mrs. Johnson! As the moments are very precious, you will pardon the abruptness of an humble clarinetist—

*Mrs. J.* Well?

*Fake.* I do this by the doctor's order. He has prescribed whisky punch and love—the first I will have later on, but as for love—dear Mrs. Johnson, I'm full of it now!

*Mrs. J.* Ha, ha!

(*laughing heartily*)

*Fake.* (*aside*) She laughs! That proves she is not angry. I will continue. (*aloud*) If you would take a little walk with me by moonlight alone—or on a street car, I could tell you more at length what I have not time to tell you now. (*laughing of students heard—aside*) Confound those imps! I was getting along nicely.

*Enter, STUDENTS and SUSAN, at back.*

*Mrs. J.* Well, what have you done with him?

*1st Stu.* We thought at first we would throw him in the river.

*2nd Stu.* But on second thought we decided that would be going rather too far so we—

*1st Stu.* Called a cab—threw him in, gave the driver your address and told him to take him home as quickly as possible.

*Fake.* A nice lot of good little boys! (*all laugh*)

*Enter, DR. BOLIVER, R.*

*Bol.* Come, now, clarinet, you are all there is left of my orchestra—play us a tune.

*Students.* (*surrounding MRS. JOHNSON*) Yes, the dance—Mrs. Johnson, a polka!

*Mrs. J.* One moment! Let us take things in order. (*calling*) No, 1!

*1st Stu.* (*in loud voice*) Present!

*Mrs. J.* A fine voice!

*Bol.* All ready, clarinet, let her go!

*Fake.* I'll play the Giley galop. (*aside*) Then after that I'll take a little love and whisky punch!

(*music cue—plays clarinet—all exit dancing*)

*Bol.* (*following*) Mrs. Don't-bother-me's cousins seem quite as devoted to her as her brother. They never leave her. It seems a very affectionate family. (*exit, dancing*)

*Enter, RUBENSTEIN, L., with platter and dressed like FLIP*

*Rub.* Here I am back again. With considerable argument and the payment of two dollars I finally convinced the hackman I was neither drunk nor crazy. Ah, the scoundrels! Let them look out! I found my way into the house in this disguise, and have two policemen waiting outside. As for my wife—I have just handed her a note giving her five minutes to surrender. The five minutes are up.

*Enter, FLIP, at back, with platter.*

*Rub.* (*seeing FLIP*) Ah, Flip! (*calling*) Here, pst! Flip!

*Flip.* (*aside*) What's this? A strange waiter here?

*Rub.* Go and tell Mrs. John—I mean Mrs. Don't-bother-me that her five minutes are up.

*Flip.* See here! I'm the only waiter hired for this here ball.

*Rub.* (*aside*) Oh, I see! He takes me for a rival waiter. (*aloud*) Here's a dollar for you, Flip. (*gives dollar*)

*Flip.* (*aside*) This waiter gives me a dollar! It must be Du Anonios head waiter.

*Enter, FAKE, L. 1 E., dressed like FLIP, with platter.*

*Fake.* I've put aside my clarinet and disguised myself as a waiter that I might be near Mrs. Johnson.

*Flip. (seeing FAKE)* What's this—another waiter here?

*Fake. (to RUBENSTEIN)* See here, waiter—I am Prof. Giley, disguised as a waiter. Keep it mum! Here's ten cents for you!

*Rub. (aside)* Good! I'll get my money back again in this way.

*Fake.* There's a very charming woman at the ball this evening, who is a trifle stuck on me. I've a little note here making an appointment with her for to-morrow evening in the park. You give her this and I'll give you ten cents more.

*Rub. (taking and reading note's address)* Mrs. Johnson! My wife! You scoundrel!

*(giving him a kick)*

*Fake.* Oh, here, waiter!

*Enter, DR. BOLIVER, at back.*

*Bol.* What has become of that clarinetist? You haven't seen the man that plays the clarinet, have you?

*Fake.* The clarinet? Why, he just left us—he went that way.

*(pointing R.)*

*Flip. & } (pointing different directions)* Yes, he went that way.

*Rub. }*

*Rub. (astonished)* Ah, dear me! Where do all these waiters come from? I only hired one.

*Rub.* Yes, doctor, you hired Flip here, an old friend of mine—he asked me to help him.

*Fake.* Me, too! I'm engaged for the ice cream department.

*Bol.* Very well, then, since you are here, get to work—serve the company with refreshments.

*Rub.* Yes, doctor, but I have an appointment. I am waiting for some one.

*Fake.* Me, too!

*Bol.* Get out with your appointments! Go on with your platters, pass the refreshments

*(pushing them)*

*Flip. }*

*& }*

Here you are! Here you are!

*Fake. }*

*Rub. (exit back, crying)* Ice cream, lemonade, sponge cake!

*Fake. (exit, R., crying)* Here you are! Lemonade, lemonade, cool refreshing strawberry lemonade!

*Flip. (exit, L., crying)* Beer, cigars, ham sandwiches!

*(they mingle their cries as they disappear)*

*Bol.* Dear me, have I turned a herd of circus candy butchers loose in my parlors? *(running after them)* Here, shut up, will you?

*(exit)*

*Enter, MRS. JOHNSON, L. 1 E., at the moment they exit.*

*Mrs. J. (holding RUBENSTEIN's letter—furiously)* Oh, I suffocate with rage! To send me this warning—to threaten me with the police—the cowardly villain! Instead of leading me with him by kindness, he would have me taken away by policemen. But I will not wait for that—I will run away. Oh, where is Montague? Where is the clarinet player? Where are my students? Somebody—anybody—I don't care who. I hesitated—I will hesitate no longer. I

will fly to the end of the earth. But where is Mr. Montague? (*seeing him as he appears at door, c.*) Ah, there he is!

*Enter, MONTAGUE; she runs to him, takes him by the arm, bringing him down stage.*

*Mont.* Ah, dear Mrs. Johnson—

*Mrs. J.* Adonis Montague, are you a man?

*Mont.* I've been told so!

*Mrs. J.* Then take me at once—fly away with me.

*Mont.* (*astonished and joyous*) Fly away with you, but where?

*Mrs. J.* To Hoboken, to Paris, to Central Africa, wherever you wish, quick—my cloak—a cab!

*Mont.* Oh, at once, my dearest, at once! (*runs off, R.*)

*Enter, FAKE, at back, without platter.*

*Fake.* Ah, she is alone—she must have got my letter! (*coming to her—passionately*) Madam, the carriage is at the door.

*Mrs. J.* (*not recognizing him*) Very well, waiter.

*Fake.* (*aside*) Oh, joy,—she accepts!

*Enter, MONTAGUE, with cloak.*

*Mont.* Mrs. Johnson, your cloak.

*Mrs. J.* All right; come, let us go!

*Mont.* But all is lost, my dear; both doors are guarded by police.

*Fake.* Police! Then it might be better to postpone our little promenade.

*Mrs. J.* Postpone it—never! Where are my medical students—we will force a passage through them.

*Fake.* (*frightened*) Good heavens!

*Mont.* No! I have an idea. This room is on the first floor. By bringing the carriage under the balcony, we can escape by the window, if you are not afraid.

*Mrs. J.* By the window? Good—that suits me! I'm accustomed to that! All ready—march!

*Mont.* March!

*Fake.* March! (*aside*) Oh, Lord, my poor stomach!

*The three go towards window, open it, and start back on seeing RUBENSTEIN on the balcony, his platter in hand.*

*Rub.* Lemonade, ice cream, sponge cake!

*Mont.* The husband!

*Mrs. J.* Mr. Johnson!

*Fake.* I am caught!

*Enter, DR. BOLIVER and MRS. BOLIVER, with guests.*

*Omnes.* What's the matter?

*Bol.* (*to RUBENSTEIN, at window*) What are you doing in that window?

*Rub.* (*still in window*) I'm about to tell a funny story. The dancing seems to be a failure this evening—

*Mrs. B.* A waiter tell a story to a polite company? Absurd! ridiculous!

*Mrs. J.* And why so? There is no dancing. Let him amuse us.  
*Omnes.* Yes, yes! The story!

*Bol.* This party seems to be running itself.

*Rub.* (*coming down stage, giving tray to FAKE*) This is a tale from the Arabian Nights. It's about a sultana whose husband kept a hotel called "The Repentant Lobster"—at Bagdad.

*Mrs. J.* Go on, waiter!

*Rub.* This husband, whose name was Johnson Ben Alla—was a thoughtless fellow who did not hesitate to deceive his wife.

*Mrs. J.* With a pock-marked huzzy.

*Rub.* Of Bagdad!

*Mrs. B.* Oh, that was frightful!

*Fake.* Disgraceful!

*Omnes.* Abominable!

*Rub.* He was a scoundrel—he deserved to be punished.

*Bol.* A lovely dancing party, this is!

*Rub.* And he was severely punished. His wife, the sultana, who was a French woman, from Bagdad, resolved to be revenged. She encouraged the attentions of a young bashi bazouk.

*Fake.* (*aside*) He knows all! I am the bazouk.

*Mrs. J.* Go on, waiter!

*Rub.* They agreed to elope by the window—a palaquin drawn by camels was at the door—the sultana had her cloak on her shoulders and her foot on the window sill——

*Fake.* (*aside*) This will end in blood.

*Bol.* Well, did your sultana escape?

*Rub.* (*looking at Mrs. JOHNSON*) She——

*Mrs. J.* (*with force*) She did escape.

*Omnes.* What?

*Mrs. J.* I know the story as well as this waiter. She did escape by the window in spite of her husband—in spite of the policemen—in spite of everything.

*All the women.* She did quite right.

*Rub.* Yes, but under the balcony stood her husband, Johnson Ben Alla, with a tumbler of lemonade in his hand, (*taking a glass from tray FAKE is holding*) like this. He said to his wife, the sultana, "Star of the morning, if you desert me I shall not live."

*Omnes.* How?

*Rub.* And he slowly took a small paper parcel from his pocket (*does so*) opened it and carefully emptied a small white powder into the glass of lemonade. (*does so*)

*Mrs. J.* (*aside*) What shall I do?

*Rub.* And he stirred it round, and round, and round, then he drank it, and five minutes after the royal court physician, Dr. Mohomet Ben Boliver, swept away his ashes as they prevented the ladies from dancing. (*puts glass to his lips*)

*Mrs. J.* No—stop—I forgive you!

*Omnes.* What?

*Rub.* (*embracing her*) Dearest Rose!

*Mrs. J.* Ah, darling Ruby!

*Bol.* What do you mean, waiter?

(*trying to separate them*)

*Rub.* No, I am no waiter! This is my wife—I have found my wife at last.



CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

*Bol.* Mrs. Don't-bother-me! (*RUBENSTEIN and FAKE take off disguise; general surprise*) My fiddler—my clarinet player? What a funny ball this has been.

*Mrs. J.* Dr. Boliver, in behalf of Mr. Adonis Montague, I ask the hand of your niece Cleopatra.

*Mont.* One moment, please——

*Bol.* Say no more, my niece is yours.

*Mont.* (*aside*) What, marry that side show curiosity? Never! I'll escape to Canada!

*Fake.* (*to RUBENSTEIN*) My worthy chief, your experience has decided me—yes, it is settled—I must have a wife!

*Rub.* Young man, if you are about to marry, listen to the advice of a repentant lobster. (*to all*) Never deceive your wife.

(*taking the hand of SUSAN*)

(*kisses her*)

*Omnes.* A model husband!

*Rub.* (*aside to FAKE*) Or what amounts to the same thing—don't let her catch you at it.

(*drinks tumbler of lemonade*)

*Fake.* Hold, man, you forget the white powder!

*Rub.* (*aside*) Keep it dark—it was only granulated sugar. (*aloud to MRS. JOHNSON*) Now, Mrs. Johnson, if you will celebrate our reconciliation by singing——, we will all join in the chorus. (*song*)

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ACT II.—SCENE 1st.—News of cousin Charlie, an old lover of Millie's—Gyp and Siah's soda water, an amusing scene—Priscilla, her horror of being kissed by "a man"—Millie vindicates herself by revealing the secret of her life to Charlie, which is heard by Daville—Gyp—Meeting of Millie and Daville—Daville reveals Millie's secret to Isadore, his betrothed—Comic scene between Gyp and Siah.

ACT III.—SCENE 1st.—Evil designs of Daville and Isadore—Millie, the child of old Harriet, the slave—Meeting of Isadore and Harriet, her threat, "You are my child"—Isadore attempts her murder by pushing her over the cliff; she is rescued by Daville—Isadore reveals her love for Fred, which Millie and Charlie overhear—Millie's anguish and final blow—"No wife, a slave!"—Quarrel of Daville and Charlie—Isadore's search for the body of old Harriet. SCENE 2d.—Escape of Charlie—A piece of Priscilla's mind—Her promise to Millie—Oath of Isadore—Millie's flight. SCENE 3d.—Daville gives an account of the shooting and supposed flight of Millie with Charlie—Priscilla on her mettle—Supposed suicide of Millie—A LAPSE OF SEVEN YEARS.

ACT IV.—SCENE 1st.—Daville accuses Isadore, now Mrs. Grover, of Harriet's murder—Millie, as Sister Agnes, the French governess—Return of Charlie—Fred's anger and Priscilla's interference. SCENE 2d.—Charlie disguised as old Nathan—Millie's letter found which explains her flight—Fred's remorse—Daville and Isadore recognize Millie—Their plot against her discovered by old Nathan.

ACT V.—SCENE 1st.—Southern Plantation—Priscilla discovers Sister Agnes, as Millie—Her anger at being kissed by a nigger—Daville threatens Isadore with slavery—Attempted murder of Priscilla—Scene between Gyp and Siah. SCENE 2d.—Millie a slave—Daville offers her marriage—Millie tied to the whipping post—Her rescue by Gyp. SCENE 3d.—Millie and Gyp in the swamp—Attempted capture—Rescued by Charlie—Old Harriet clears the mystery of Millie and Isadore's birth—"There is but one way left, death"—Arrest of Daville—Death of Charlie—Reconciliation of Fred and Millie, who is freed from bondage.

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**FUN!!**

**FUN!!!**

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| 184                      | Family Discipline.....       | 0 | 1 |                          | becca.....                      | 0 | 4 |
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| 103                      | How Sister Paxey got her     |   |   | 172                      | Black Shoemaker.....            | 4 | 2 |
|                          | Child Baptized.....          | 2 | 1 | 93                       | Black Statue.....               | 4 | 2 |
| 50                       | How She has Own Way.....     | 1 | 3 | 222                      | Colored Senators.....           | 3 | 0 |
| 140                      | How He Popped the Quest'n.   | 1 | 1 | 214                      | Chops.....                      | 3 | 0 |
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| 57                       | Paddy Miles' Boy.....        | 5 | 2 | 10                       | Stocks Up, Stocks Down.....     | 2 | 0 |
| 217                      | Patent Washing Machine.....  | 4 | 1 | 64                       | That Boy Sam.....               | 3 | 1 |
| 165                      | Persecuted Dutchman.....     | 6 | 3 | 122                      | The Select School.....          | 5 | 0 |
| 195                      | Poor Pilicody.....           | 2 | 3 | 118                      | The Popcorn Man.....            | 3 | 1 |
| 159                      | Quiet Family.....            | 4 | 4 | 6                        | The Studio.....                 | 3 | 0 |
| 171                      | Rough Diamond.....           | 4 | 3 | 108                      | Those Awful Boys.....           | 5 | 0 |
| 180                      | Ripples.....                 | 2 | 0 | 4                        | Twain's Dodging.....            | 3 | 1 |
| 48                       | Schnaps.....                 | 1 | 1 | 197                      | Tricks.....                     | 5 | 2 |
| 133                      | Sewing Circle of Period..... | 0 | 5 | 198                      | Uncle Jeff.....                 | 5 | 2 |
| 115                      | S. H. A. M. Pinafore.....    | 3 | 3 | 170                      | U. S. Mail.....                 | 2 | 2 |
| 55                       | Somebody's Nobody.....       | 3 | 2 | 216                      | Vice Versa.....                 | 3 | 1 |
| 232                      | Stage Struck Yankee.....     | 4 | 2 | 206                      | Villkens and Dinah.....         | 4 | 1 |
| 137                      | Taking the Census.....       | 1 | 1 | 210                      | Virginia Mun my.....            | 6 | 1 |
| 40                       | That Mysterious B'dle.....   | 2 | 2 | 203                      | Who Stole the Chickens.....     | 1 | 1 |
| 38                       | The Bewitched Closet.....    | 5 | 2 | 205                      | William Tell.....               | 4 | 0 |
| 131                      | The Cigarette.....           | 4 | 2 | 156                      | Wig-Maker and His Servants      | 3 | 0 |
| 101                      | The Coming Man.....          | 3 | 1 | <b>GUIDE BOOKS.</b>      |                                 |   |   |
| 167                      | Turn Him Out.....            | 3 | 2 | 17                       | Hints on Elocution.....         |   |   |
| 68                       | The Sham Professor.....      | 4 | 0 | 130                      | H.nts to Amateurs.....          |   |   |
| 54                       | The Two T. J's.....          | 4 | 2 |                          |                                 |   |   |





# NEW PLAY Recently Issued!

**250. Festival of Days.** A series of Tableaux, by Ida M. Buxton, representing the memorial days of the year. Just the thing for an evening's entertainment, as it is easily produced, requiring no scenery. Time of performance, one hour.

**251. Millie, the Quadroon; or, Out of Bondage.** A drama in 5 acts, by Lizzie M. Elwyn. 6 males, 5 females; the greatest success of the season. This drama is replete with fine situations and unlooked for developments. Mirth and sadness are well combined—something after the style of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," representing scenes in the South before slavery was abolished. Costumes modern. Time of production, 2 hours.

**252. That Awful Carpet-Bag.** An original farce, in 3 scenes, by Ad H. Gibson. 3 males, 3 females. Scene in a hotel; a widow and old maid, whose curiosity gets them into embarrassing situations. Irish character immense. Time 30 minutes.

**253. The Best Cure.** An Ethiopian farce in 1 act, by C. F. Ingraham. 4 male, 1 female—exceedingly funny farce. A darkey who was cured of imaginary illness—the "cure" will be appreciated by all lovers of fun. Time, 30 minutes.

**254. Dot, the Miner's Daughter; or, One Glass of Wine.** A temperance drama, in 3 acts, by Lizzie M. Elwyn, author of "Millie, the Quadroon." 9 males, 5 females. This is the most popular temperance play written since "Turn of the Tide" was published. Characters all equally good; two negro characters, Ebony and Hapzibah, which are immense, and keeps an audience in a continuous uproar. Costumes, modern. Time, 2 hours.

**255. Gertie's Vindication.** A domestic drama, in 2 acts, by G. H. Pierce. 3 males, 3 females. A thoroughly good moral play, showing the truth of the old saying, "Honesty is the best policy." Jack, the negro, and Katy, the Irish girl, are both exceedingly good and will keep an audience convulsed with laughter. Costumes, modern. Time, one and one-half hours.

**256. Midnight Colic.** A sketch in one scene, by D. E. Allyn. 2 males, 1 female. A most laughable sketch that will please every one. Time of production, thirty minutes.

**257. Caught in the Act.** Comedy in 3 acts, by Newton Chisnell. 7 males, 3 females. This comedy is a favorite in the profession, and will take well with amateurs—is full of fun, dialogue is sparkling—not a dull speech from beginning to end. Time of production is about 2 hours.



**MILLIE; THE QUADROON.** A new Drama, just published from the author's original manuscript, it is immense, and will give the best of satisfaction to an audience. The scene is laid in the south before slavery was abolished. The play is very much after the style of Uncle Tom's Cabin. Send for a copy. Only 15 cents.



**MIDNIGHT COLIC.** A Laughable Sketch in one scene. This Sketch with Millie; the Quadroon, will make an evening's entertainment that will please any audience. 15c.